

# COLLECT FOR THANKSGIVING DAY



THANK Thee, Father, for this day,  
Wherein Thy little sparrows fly;  
For unseen hands  
That build and break  
The cloud-pavilions for my sake—  
Thou feedest beauty, high and wild,  
Toward which I wonder, as a child,  
I thank Thee for the strengthening hills,  
That give bright spirit to the rills;  
For blue peaks soaring up apart,  
To send down music on the heart;  
For tree-tops waving soft and high,  
Writing their praise against the sky;  
For forest fountains that have been;  
For the Fall rain that hushes in,  
Giving to my low little roof  
The sense of home, secure, at rest.  
And thanks for morning's still and light,  
And for the folding hush of night;  
For those high dories that spread  
The star-filled chasm overhead;  
For elm chemistry that yields  
The green light of the April field;  
For all the foam and surge of bloom;  
For leaves gone glorious to their doom—  
All the wild loveliness that can  
Touch the immortal in a man.  
Father of Life, I thank Thee, too,  
For old acquaintance, near and true—  
For friends who came into my day  
And took the loneliness away;  
For faith that held on to the last;  
For all sweet memories of the past—  
Dear memories of my dead that send  
Long thoughts of joy and of life's end—  
That make me know the light conceals  
A deeper world than it reveals.  
—Edwin Markham, in Success.

## JOHN'S FOLKS —A Thanksgiving Story— By Annie Hamilton Donnell

ND—And John's folks, Phineas said. Amelia Quimby's breath faltered at the last syllable. She had gathered all her strength for that question. She did not dare to look across at Phineas. His reply rumbled deep in his throat, but she could make out all the words. Fifty years she had lived with Phineas Quimby. "I said we'd have Jerry's folks here to Thanksgiving dinner. We ain't had 'em for some time, and this is a kind of a extra year, being our anniversary." "I know, father—our fiftieth anniversary. That's why I wanted—wanted—John's—"

"You better write to Jerry right off. Better do it to-day, and Silas Blunt'll mail it for ye to-night. It's Sil's night to go to lodge." Nothing more, and when she had said "father," Amelia Quimby had played her last card—her trump. She had not called him "father," since Jerry and John were great brown boys and it had happened. Twenty-seven years ago, was that? Ah, the heartbreak a mother can hide in 27 years! When she has had twin sons laid in her arms, and held them one on one side and one on the other, and gazed for long, weak days from one little pink face to the other, when she has watched them grow out of pinafores into trousers, out of childhood into tall, splendid strength, when she had fed them, and patched them and loved them—ah, to lose one of them, then! Mothers know.

At first she had hoped for a reconciliation. Year after year, at Thanksgiving time, she had hoped. For, oddly enough, it was on Thanksgiving day she had married Phineas Quimby, and two years later, on the day after, that they had laid his twin sons in her arms. The day was doubly momentous to her. But year had added itself to year and the wound was unhealed yet. Phineas Quimby was Phineas Quimby still, and John was still his son. How could they change? How could one ever say the receding word to the other, that in her heart the wife and mother knew was all that would be needed?

"Only, I'd hoped so much from this Thanksgiving!" Amelia Quimby mourned. "Why, it's going to be our fiftieth anniversary—you'd think a father and son would come back to each other on the golden wedding day! It was too soon to hope for it on the silver one; but now, after all these years, you'd think I had a right to hope for it!"

"Jerry's folks" meant Jerry and his wife and the two grown girls. But John's folks—the mother smiled wistfully as she counted up the little names on her fingers. There were so many; it took all her fingers but two! John had not been married as long as Jerry. His "folks" were little folks.

"And this year there's the twins. They'd be big enough to come. And to think they're both boys. And their names!" Suddenly the wistful voice changed and John's mother cried over the names of his little twin sons. The paths of them and of her empty arms that yearned for them broke down her patient endurance. "I want them—oh, I want them! I want John's little baby boys!" she cried out aloud. But there was no one to hear. Phineas had gone away to his work. She sat down, as she had done so many times, to write to John. That was her only comfort, and it had never been denied her. Two sacred things there were in the life of Phineas Quimby and his wife, Amelia, that had never been violated, even by the cure that long ago had separated father and son. The father had never denied the mother the solace of her letters to her boy, and never by word or intimation had Amelia Quimby complained of her husband. To-day, as always, she said only kind words of him. There was no mention of Thanksgiving day, or of the disappointment that rankled in her breast.

"Kiss both the babies for me—first one and then the other, a hundred times!" she wrote. "Tell little Jerry I love him, and tell little John. And tell me about their eyes—you forgot to say the color—and their hair, and their little fists. Does little Jerry keep his thumb between his first and second fingers when his fist is shut up tight? Little John?—then you've named them wrong. You've mixed those children up! Before it's too late, you'd better let them swap names." The letter ran on lovingly, with a message in it for one child after an-

other. And for John himself there was the old message: "Your mother is loving you, John!" It was always there. To Jerry she wrote briefly. Jerry was a busy man, with a hundred outside interests—outside of mother. His letters to her were wont to be rare and short, but there was always a message to father in them. She missed that in John's long, tender letters.

"I'm half afraid to write," she thought, as she took up her pen; "Jerry's folks have so many rich friends, and so many places to go to—I'm afraid they won't want to come." But she dipped her pen in the ink and began. "My dear boy"—she always began her letters to both sons that way—"My dear boy, your father says to put on all your bonnets, every one of you, and come to the old home to keep Thanksgiving. He's quite set upon it. You know—you haven't forgotten, dear?—that it is our golden wedding Thanksgiving, and it's the time you came! Think of having a father and mother 50 years married and not coming! Your father says to say he has waited as long as he can—and you must come home or he will disown you! And he is in earnest, dear! He is hungry for a sight of your face. And your mother—dear boy, come right home quick! I want to kiss you all!"

Both letters were sealed, and then she directed them in her quavery, quaint little hand. But her face was grave enough. "I'm afraid Jerry's folks won't want to come, and I don't know what Phineas would do if they didn't. He's set his heart. We ought not to have waited till the last minute—I don't see why we did. There won't be time for them to answer—oh, dear, they haven't been home for so long, and I can't help thinking they won't want to come now!"

But she went briskly to work with her preparations. She cooked and cooked till the shelves in her neat pantry groaned under their loads. Jerry's folks could not have cleared them in a week. She made the mince pies the way the boys had always liked them, long ago. She made a mo-jass sauce for the pudding because they had been fond of that kind. And she made two little saucer pies she had never failed to make, long ago. They were pumpkin pies, and she crimped the edges carefully. "Jerry's girls are grown up, and maybe they won't care 'for them—maybe nobody will," she thought, "but I always made them for the boys, and I said I would to-day. Only I hoped, then, that John's folks would come. I hoped till the last minute."

It was the last minute now, and mother had given up. She had set



PHINEAS QUIMBY STOOD STILL OVER THE OLD CRADLE.

the long table with her whitest linen and her prettiest dishes. Then she had dressed herself in her best dress and sat down to wait. She was quite pale. Mother was a little afraid of Jerry's folks. She wished Phineas were here to help her receive them, but he had been called away unexpectedly, and would not be back much before dinner time. One of the neighbors had needed him.

Somewhere down the road sounded the rumble of stage wheels, and mother got up, nervously, and stood on the floor, listening. It was such a pity Jerry's folks had had to come in the stage! Hark!—yes, it was turning into the lane. It was almost here. She must go to the door and meet them. A strange, girlish shyness swept over the little old figure, and two spots of pink color blossomed in her wrinkled cheeks.

"The rumble ceased. A confusion of voices greeted mother's ear—sweet, shrill little voices, with the bubble of laughter running through them. And then, above them all, a man's deep voice called: "Mother! Mother, where are you?" What did it all mean—for it was John's voice calling! It was John's wife getting out of the stage, and John's little children chattering and babbling! John's folks!

Mother found herself at the door in the midst of them all, and her wonder and faint dismay were drowned in the sweetness and joy of their coming and the warm rain of their kisses on her face.

There were so many little voices in her ear, so many little arms around her neck! And John was there—a big, bearded John, with little John's face in his voice! There was no room for dismay at all—only joy. It was later when the mystery had cleared itself away and it was almost time for Phineas to come that the dismay came back. Dear land, what would Phineas say?

Mother stole away by herself and looked things in the face. She had not told John that it was all a mistake, and that his letter had gone to Jerry and Jerry's invitation came to him. It was all clear enough now to mother, but she had not told John. How could she? In a moment the joy was overwhelmed in the utter dismay. For Phineas would be here soon, very soon.

Something must be done. The little children—if the father should see John's children, would they not plead for him? No, wait—the babies—John's tiny twin sons! Mother laughed aloud with delight of the in-

spiration. She hurried up to the lumber-room over the woodshed and pulled down the long old cradle that Phineas had placed out long ago, to keep baby toes from meeting when Jerry lay at one end and little John at the other. It was heavy, but what did mother care? The strength of ten slender old women animated her as she tugged and pulled it down.

Now, the pillows and the little old log-cabin quilt! As if she did not know where those were! She arranged them with eager fingers and pulled the cradle into the kitchen, for father would come in at the kitchen door. Then mother went back to John's folks.

"I want the babies, John—give me them both for a little while," she said. "So, don't you come, dear—do you think I don't know how to take care of little twin sons?"

She carried them both at once in the old way. A little head lay warm against each arm. There was not a moment to lose if her plan was to succeed, and she went away swiftly with her precious load out to the kitchen, straight to the little old cradle. There was time to deposit the babies, one at each end, on the soft, time-yellowed little pillows, and to draw the log-cabin quilt snugly up under each tiny pink chin. There was a minute or two even to jog the cradle a few times, and then mother heard the creak of Phineas' wagon wheels. She stole softly away and left John's babies to do their work alone. But a prayer was on her lips.

"A little child shall lead them—it's in Thy Book, Lord. Let John's little children lead father back to John," she played silently. Phineas Quimby was late. The neighbor had kept him longer than he expected, and it fretted him. Neighboring assistance was all right enough, but on Thanksgiving Day, when your son's folks were coming home, it was vexing to be kept at home till dinner-time.

"Get up, Dan; get into a trot; will ye? Do you want the turkey to be all set up before we get there? Jerry's folks won't know what to make of these doins; get up, there, pony!" He rattled home, into the lane, past the house to the barn, his mind intent on grievances, else he might have seen the peering little faces at the parlor window—mother had forgotten those.

Old Dan put up and given his Thanksgiving dinner of oats and clover-sweet hay, Phineas Quimby strode into the house. A frown was on his face. Being Phineas Quimby, this interference with his plans annoyed him greatly. Jerry's folks were not plain farmer folks. They

### THE TEST OF TIME.

Mrs. Clara J. Sherbourne, Professional Nurse of 287 Cumberland St., Portland, Maine, says:—"I heartily wish those who suffer from some disturbed action of the kidneys would try Doan's Kidney Pills. They would, like me, be more than surprised. My back annoyed me for years. Physicians who diagnosed my case said it arose from my kidneys. When the grip was epidemic, I was worn out with constant nursing, and when I contracted it myself it left me in a very serious condition. I could not straighten nor do the most trivial act without being in torture. The kidneys were too active or the secretions were too copious, and I knew what was wrong, but how to right it was a mystery. It seems odd for a professional nurse, who has had a great deal of experience with medicines, to read advertisements about Doan's Kidney Pills in the newspapers, and it may appear more singular for me to go to H. H. Hay & Son's drug store for a box. But I did, however; and had anybody told me before that it was possible to get relief as quickly as I did I would have been both to believe it. You can send anyone who wishes more minute particulars about my case to me, and I will be only too glad to tell them personally. As long as I live I will be a firm advocate of Doan's Kidney Pills."

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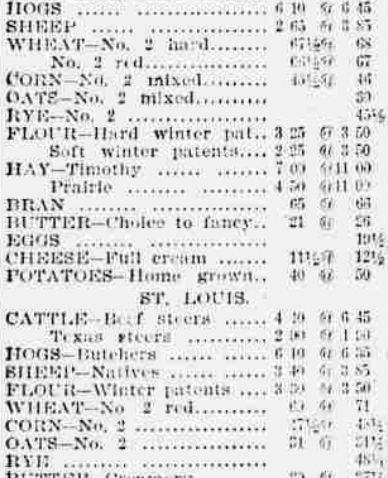
Not in the Treatment. Visitor (at lunatic asylum): I see you provide your patients with piping-hot suits. Superintendent: No, we don't. They leave them with them.—Chicago Daily News.

### THE GENERAL MARKETS.

KANSAS CITY, Nov. 26.	
CATTLE—Beef steers	4.10 to 4.15
Native steers	3.75 to 4.15
Western steers	3.00 to 4.00
HOGS	6.10 to 6.45
SHEEP	5.00 to 5.25
WHEAT—No. 2	77 1/2 to 78
Do. 2 red	69 1/2 to 70
CORN—No. 2 mixed	40 1/2 to 41
Do. 2 white	41 to 42
RYE—No. 2	43 1/2 to 44
FLOUR—Hard winter pat.	3.25 to 3.50
Soft winter patents	2.25 to 2.50
HAY—Timothy	7.00 to 8.00
Prarie	4.50 to 6.00
BRAN	65 to 68
BUTTER—Choice to fancy	21 to 25
EGGS	11 1/2 to 12 1/2
CHEESE—Full cream	13 1/2 to 14
POTATOES—Home grown	40 to 50
ST. LOUIS.	
CATTLE—Beef steers	4.10 to 4.45
Texas steers	4.00 to 4.10
HOGS—Butchers	6.10 to 6.35
SHEEP—Western	5.75 to 6.25
WHEAT—No. 2	77 1/2 to 78
Do. 2 red	69 1/2 to 70
CORN—No. 2	40 1/2 to 41
Do. 2 white	41 to 42
RYE—No. 2	43 1/2 to 44
FLOUR—Hard winter pat.	3.25 to 3.50
Soft winter patents	2.25 to 2.50
HAY—Timothy	7.00 to 8.00
Prarie	4.50 to 6.00
BRAN	65 to 68
BUTTER—Choice to fancy	21 to 25
EGGS	11 1/2 to 12 1/2
CHEESE—Full cream	13 1/2 to 14
POTATOES—Home grown	40 to 50
CHICAGO.	
CATTLE—Beef steers	4.10 to 4.45
Texas steers	4.00 to 4.10
HOGS—Butchers	6.10 to 6.35
SHEEP—Western	5.75 to 6.25
WHEAT—No. 2	77 1/2 to 78
Do. 2 red	69 1/2 to 70
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### DO YOU FEEL BADLY



A Paroled Housewife. "Hello," called Mrs. Cookem, over the phone, "is this Mr. Sellen's grocery?" "Yes, ma'am." "Well, you folks sent me a cake of patent plum pudding and a cake of imitation coal this morning for me to try." "Yes, ma'am. And did you wish to order some more?" "I don't know. You'll have to send some one down to explain matters. I've put one cake on the fire and the other in the oven and I can't tell whether the plum pudding smells comes from the firebox or the pudding pan."—Baltimore American.

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### Lipton's Nerve.

She—I always heard tea was bad for the nerves. "No—Oh, it can't be; I see Tom Lipton says he's coming over again to lift that cup."—Yonkers Statesman.

The St. Paul Calendar For 1903. Six sheets 10x14 inches, of beautiful reproductions, in colors, of pasted drawings by Bryson, is now ready for distribution and will be mailed on receipt of twenty-five (25) cents—cash or stamps. Address F. A. Miller, General Passenger Agent, Chicago.

"Any man," said the solemn man, "should hesitate to lie under any circumstances." "Yes," was the emphatic response of the man with the bullet head, "least long enough to get the sound straight and to avoid mistakes."—Indianapolis News.

The best way to cure indigestion is to remove its cause. This is best done by the prompt use of Dr. August Koepf's Hamburg Drops, which regulate the stomach in an effective manner.

Tom—"Our engagement is off." Dick—"You don't say, how's that?" Tom—"She got mad because I couldn't explain to her satisfaction why I loved her more than other girls."—Philadelphia Press.

Ten thousand demons gnawing away at one's vitals couldn't be much worse than the tortures of being pious. Yet there's a cure. Doan's Ointment never fails.

Men are valued by others in about the inverse ratio of their own valuation.—Ran's Horn.

Piso's Cure for Consumption is an infallible medicine for coughs and colds.—N. V. Samuel, Ocean Grove, N. J., Feb. 17, 1900.

It is up to the bookkeeper to keep posted.—Chicago Daily News.

"I suffered for months from sore throat. Electric Euc cured me in twenty-four hours." M. S. Gist, Haverhill, Ky.

A bank account is the greatest labor saver.—N. Y. Herald.

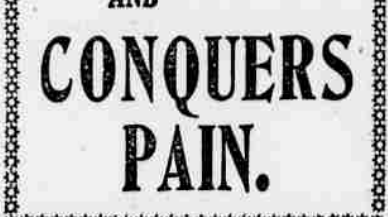


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